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SPRAINS & St. Jacobs Oil the foil. Use it and promptly feel the cure. That's all, but that is something sure.



to open them.

again on his return.

have no cause to suspect his correspond-

ence was again being tampered with;

"What's this?" he said when he had

"You dropped it when making your

He looked surprised at first, and after-

ward suspicious. "I don't remember

seeing that letter when I sorted my de-

livery," he said, "and I ain't in the

"Give it me back at once, you inso

sure, and hope you won't think no more

him good day, I entered a stationer'

shop and purchased a couple of envel-

opes and two sheets of paper. Each

sheet of paper I folded and put into an

envelope, which I then addressed in

pencil to myself, at the postoffice, Stan-

by. Then after posting them I made my

way to the station and took a ticket to

As I had to wait some time for a

train, besides changing twice at june-

tions, it was late when I reached that

town, and I had some difficulty in find-

ing Professor Lawrance's hair cutting es-

tablishment, which was in a side street

and was already closed for the night.

On the other side of the way and only

a few doors down was a not very clear

looking temperance hotel and coffee pal-

ace, and here I secured a bedroom and

sitting room, from the latter of which,

as it faced the street, I should be able

to keep an eye upon every one who en-

tered or left Professor Lawrance's es-

I then went to bed, but was up early

next morning and called at the post-

office, where the two envelopes which I

had posted on the preceding day at

Cotley were awaiting me. These I took

with me to my room at the hotel, and,

having bought a piece of india rubber ou

the way, I rubbed out the penciled

name and address, after which I read-

CASTORIA.

tablishment.

cheaply as you have this."

"I'm not sure that I oughtn't to take

do I know this ain't a put up job?"

looked at it.

last call." I auswered.

this matter right."

of it."

dressed the envelope in ink to Mr. Hen-CHAPTER XVII. ry Jennes at Professor Lawrance's hair ON THE REELS OF JAMES MULLEN. cutting rooms, Stanby, imitating as I had already decided that my next closely as I could the handwriting of destination must be Stanby, where it the barber at Cotley, of whose caligra-

would be necessary to pay a visit to phy I had secured a specimen. Professor Lawrance's hair cutting estab-Most of my readers will already have lishment. But first I had to read the guessed why I troubled to post these letters I had secured, so I turned into a pencil addressed letters to myself at small, quiet looking hotel and, having Cotley, and then, after rubbing out the ordered dinner, asked that I might have direction, readdressed them in ink to the use of a bedroom. Then I rang for Jeanes at Professor Lawrance's estaba jug of boiling water, and on its arrival lishment at Stanby, but as some may I dived into the folds of my umbrella, fail to do so I had better perhaps exand having brought up the two epistles plain myself. which were there secreted I proceeded | If a letter for Jeanes should be for-

to hold them over the steam until the warded on to Professor Lawrance's gom was so moist that it was possible rooms from Cotley, that letter it would be my business, by hook or by crook, to The letter for Green was, as I have abstract. But to do this without atsaid, directed to himself in his own tracting suspicion it would be necessary writing. It contained nothing more im- to have a dummy letter with which to portant than a sheet of blank note paper, replace it, and the dummy would have which, as the reader will already have to bear the Cotley postmark and be disurmised, had evidently been sent as a rected in a hand as much resembling the 'blind," its purpose being to afford the handwriting on the original letter as inquiry agent an excuse for calling at possible. How to arrange all this had the shop where it had been delivered. puzzled me at first, for, though I did The letter addressed to Mr. Henry not anticipate any difficulty in hitting Jeanes-that which had attracted my upon a pretext by which to obtain a ing parties or whether the widow in attention from the fact of its bearing specimen of the Cotley barber's handthe postmark of the very town in Norwriting or in imitating that handwritway where I had reason to believe Mul- ing when obtained, I could not see len's sister was staying-promised to be how to get over the difficulty of the more interesting, and it was with no postmark. A postmark is not an easy little eagerness that I opened it and thing to forge without specially pre-read as follows: pared tools, and until the idea occurred "JAMES-Your letter to hand. I canto me of posting at Cotley a letter adnot reply at present, as Stanley has dressed in pencil to myself at Stanby, gone to Bergen, but I will write you and then rubbing out the address and readdressing it to Jeanes, I was rather Though short and unimportant as re- at a loss to know how to effect my purgards contents, this letter was of the pose. However, the difficulty was now

Mrs. Stanley Burgoyne and intended make the acquaintance of Professor for the eve of James Mullen, and so in Lawrance. every way confirmed the genuineness of He was an extremely unprepossessing, the letter I had found in Green's cigar not to say villainous, looking man and case; secondly, because it disclosed regarded me with what I could not some information that I might other- help thinking was a suspicious eye when wise have had much difficulty in discovering-the name under which Mulien's correspondence was being addressed to performed badly, though he regaled me meanwhile with his views in regard to It was of the highest importance if the winner of the Derby, and also of a Mullen was to fall into the trap which prize fight which was coming off that I was preparing for him that he should day.

highest importance in other respects- satisfactorily surmounted, and, armed

firstly, because it was evidently from with my dummy letters, I set out to

"By the bye," I said as I was drawing on my gloves, "can one have letters so, as it was possible that Mrs. Bur- addressed here?"

goyne might refer to this epistle in a "No," he replied shortly, "yer can't. later letter, I carefully resealed the It don't pay-on the usual terms." note and handed it to the postman, "I know that," I said, "er I should whom I saw delivering letters in the not have asked you. But I'm willing to street where the shop whence I had ob-street where the shop whence I had ob-pay special terms."
"Is it 'orses?" he inquired gruffly.

"Yos, horses," I said, taking up the one which he had given me, "but it's a fool's game, and I've lost a lot of money over it already."

"Ah!" with a grin. "And yer've got a hintroduction, of course. I don't take on customers of (gat sort without a hintroduction. It nin't safe.

habit of dropping letters in the street, The affair was panning out beyond I've been at it too long for that. How my reckoning, but from what had transpired I felt sure that I should be safe in assuming he was more of a betting lent fellow," I replied, "and I'll do agent than a barber, and that the wisest what I ought to have done at first-take thing for me to do would be by bluffing it to the head office and report you to boldly to lend him to suppose I knew the postmaster for negligence. I go out all about him, so I nedded assent as of my way to do you a courtesy and airily as possible and as if his question perhaps save you from getting into trouhad been a mere matter of course.

ble for carelessness in the execution of "Who is it?" he asked point blank. your duty, and I get insulted for my "Morrison," I replied without a pains. Give it me back or come with moment's hesitation, "Henry Morrison me to the head office and we'll soon put of Doncaster. You recollect him-tall man, clean shaven and small eyes; "I humbly ask your parden and hope wears a fawn coat and a brown billythere is no offense, sir, I am sure," he cock. He said any money I put on with answered, with a change of manner you would be quite safe.

The barber nodded. "Like as not. which showed that he did not relish the threat of being reported for negligence. though I don't rekerlect him from yer "I'll see the letter's delivered all right, description. Well, wot d'yer want me and I'm much obliged to you, sir, I am to back?

"Ah, that's what I wish you to tell me, " I said—this time at least with absolute truthfulness, for as a matter of the letter to the office now," I said. fact I did not know as much as the "However, I don't want to get a man name of one of the horses or what was into trouble for an accident, but keep a the race which we were supposed to be civil tongue in your head another time, discussing.

young man, or you'll not get off so "Greased Lightning's the lay," he "It's a dead cert. I can get yer He touched his cap, and promising to level money now. It'll be 4 to 2 hon toprofit by my advice slipped the letter morrow. How much are yer going to in with what I supposed were others spring? bearing the same address; so, wishing

I replied that he could put a "flimy" on for me, and after he had entered the amount and my name-which I gave as Henry Watson-in a greasy notebook, I wished him good morning. promising to call again soon to see if here were any letters.

The rest of the day I spent for the nost part in my bedroom watching the customers who patronized Professor Lawrance's saloon, nor was my vigil without result in assisting me to form an opinion as to the class of business which was there carried on. Not more than a dozen people entered the establishment during the day, and the majority of them had called neither to be shaved nor to have their hair cut. My reason for coming to this conclusion was not that I had such telescopic and microscopic eyes as to be able to detect in every case whether the caller had been under the barber's hand since his entrance, but because most of Professor Lawrance's customers did not remain inside his shop more than half a minute, and because, too, I saw a letter in the hand of more than one of those who came out. And as the postman never passed the door without making a delivery, and the callers were all more or ess horsy in dress and appearance, the

evidence seemed to point pretty clearly to the fact that Professor Lawrance CASTORIA.

was, as I had already surmised, more of a betting agent than a barber.

I looked in next morning, ostensibly to be shaved, but in reality to try to get sight of any letters which might have come addressed to the professor's care. That worthy forestalled me by gruffly olunteering the information that there were no letters, nor could I succeed in

leading the conversation to the subject

in which I was interested.

The morning after, however, I waited entil I saw some one-who looked more like a customer in search of a barber than of a betting agent-enter the shop and then followed him. He was at that moment being lathered for shaving; so, after wishing the professor good morning and remarking that I was in no hurry, I took a seat close to the mantelthelf and pretended to read The Daily Telegraph. It was on this mantelshelf, as I was aware, that the box containing the letters was kept, but on looking round I saw, to my dismay, that the mantelshelf had been cleared for the display of a big, coarsely colored picture of "the great fight between Slade and Scroggins." The picture was labeled,

benefit of the widow." Whether this was intended as a delicate way of intimating that the conflict

"To be raffled for, the proceeds for the



"No, yer can't." question was the relict of the artistic genius whose brain had conceived and whose hand had drawn the picture I am unable to say, as particulars were not given. In regard to the details of the raffle, however, the promoters of the enterprise had condescended to be more explicit, as another label announced that the price of tickets was sixpence, and that they were "to be obtained of the professor." I was, however, more concerned at the moment in ascertaining what had become of the letters, so I scanned the room carefully, shifting meanwhile the outspread and interposed broad sheet of The Daily Telegraph, like a yachtsman setting his canvas close to the wind, so as to keep myself out of reach of the professor's too inquisitive glance, and switching my eyes from object to object until they discov-I entered. I submitted to be shaved and ered the missing letters placed upon a shampooed, both of which operations he rack which hung upon the wall near the window.

"It's very dark here, or else my sight's getting bad and I shall have to take to glasses. I'm hanged if I can read this small print," I said aloud, standing up and moving toward the window, as if to get a better light. For half a minute I pretended to read, and then I leisurely shook out the newspaper to its fullest extent, in order to reverse the sheet, thus hiding myself completely from the professor's eye.

As I did so I took the opportunity to snatch the packet of letters from the rack. It was no easy matter to shuffle through them with one hand and without attracting attention, but I accomplished the task successfully, and not without result, for the bottom letter of the packet was for Mr. Henry Jeanes and was in the handwriting of the barber at Cotley.

The reader will remember that I had prepared two envelopes bearing the Cotley postmark and addressed to Jeanes in as close an imitation of the barber's handwriting as possible. Into one of hese envelopes I had that morning slipped a sheet of blank paper on which was pasted the newspaper cutting about the finding of the body of poor Green (I had a reason for doing so which will shortly transpire), and this envelope I was at that moment carrying just inside my sleeve. To abstract the original letter and replace it by the dummy was the work of a few seconds. It was well that I had come thus prepared, for in the next instant the professor had snatched the packet from my band and was asking, in a voice quivering with fury, what the dickens I meant by such im-

pudence. "What's the excitement?" I said as calmly and unconsciously as possible. 'I was only looking if there was one for me? There's no harm done.

"Oh, isn't there?" he said. "But there soon will be if yer get meddling ere again." And with one swiftly earching and darkly suspicious glance at my face he fell to examining the letters, and, as I could see by the movement of his lips, counting them one by one to see that none was missing. My neart, I must confess, jumped a bit when he came to the forgery with which I had replaced the letter I had abstract ed. But the result was apparently satisfactory, for he put the packet back upon the rack without further comment and took up the discarded shaving brush to continue his task. I did not feel at the best of ease, when, after the customer had paid and departed, a surly "Now, then!" summoned me to the operating chair, for it was not altogether reassuring to have a razor in the grip of such a ruffian at one's throat. But, though the shave was accomplished with none too light a hand and the scoundrel drew plood by the probably intentional and nalicious way in which he rasped my somewhat tender skin, he did me no se rious injury, and it was not long before I was back at the hotel and engaged in

opening the abstracted letter. There were two documents inside, the first of which was addressed to Jeanes in Mrs. Stanley Burgoyne's handwriting

and ran as follows: "JAMES-We are glad to have your promise and will carry out our part of the contract faithfully. We shall remain here as you direct until you telegraph the word 'Come,' when we shall start for England at once, and you can count on the yacht being at the place you mention within four days and ready

to start again at a few hours' notice. CASTORIA.

We shall be just off the boatbuilder's yard, where our little yacht is laid up.

"I do not see any necessity for doing as you say in regard to sending the present crew back to England under the pretense that we are not likely to be using the yacht for some time, and then, after getting the ship's appearance altered by repainting and rechristening her the name you mention, engaging nother crew of Norwegians.

"This seems to me a very unnecessary precaution. Your connection with us is never likely to be discovered unless by your own confession. However, I suppose you know best, and we will do as you F." The other letter was on a half sheet

the barber at Cotley. Here it is: "RESPECTED SIE-Mr. Green has not called since I last wrote you. But a person named Smithers came and asked questions. I did not like the look of him and would not tell him anything,

of note paper and in the handwriting of

Respectfully, JAMES DORLEY. P. S .- Smithers smelt of rum. He had been drinking. He was a low looking man, and I did not like his eye."

but said I did not know any Mr. Jeanes.

"I'm pained to hear you don't like my eye, Mr. James-Mr. 'Truthful James,' 'I said sareastically as I put the letter down, glancing sideways all the same at a mirror on the wall to see if I could detect any sinister expression in my eye which could account for the unfavorable opinion Mr. James had formed of that feature. "And so you didn't tell me anything, didn't you, you precious rascal? Some day I may have an opportunity of telling you something, and then it is possible you may find something else to dislike about me as well as my eye. In the meantime I'll take the liberty of detaining your letter, as it would put Mullen on the alert if I let it go on to him. His sister's letter he must have, for if I fail to set hands on him here I can take him when he keeps his appointment with her on the steam yacht on board which he hopes to get out of the country.

"So I mustn't lose a moment in resealing her letter and getting it back by hook or by crook to the letter rack whence I got it. I'm not easy about the forgery with which I replaced it. If there had chanced to be only two or three letters waiting to be called for this morning, and I had abstracted one without replacing it with a dummy, the professor would be bound to have noticed that a letter was missing. But I'm running a risk in leaving the forged dummy there a moment longer than I can help. Mullen might call and have it given him, or it may get sent on, and though I flatter myself that the forgery is so well done that even Mullen is not likely to notice any difference in the bandwriting, and though it is also possible, too, that he will think the cutting about Green's death had been sent him by the Cotley barber, I'd much rather that the dummy didn't fall into his hands.

"To have forged a letter from the Cotley barber would have been extremely dangerous, for I didn't then know how the rascal addressed Mullen, And to have inclosed a blank sheet of paper would at once suggest the trick which had been played. The newspaper cutting was the only thing I could think of that had the look of being a bona fide inclosure from the rascal at Cotley. He had to my knowledge informed Mullen that Green was inquiring about him, and what was more natural than that, seeing a notice of Green's death in the papers, he should send it on to his principal. But all the same the gooner I get the dummy back into my own ds the better, for I don't think' At this point I broke off my meditations abruptly. I had been sitting in full view of Professor Lawrance's door, and just then I saw him put his head out, look up and down the street as if to see whether he could safely be away for a few minutes without the probability of a customer popping in, and then cross the road in the direction of

the nearest public house. "If I'm to make the exchange, it's now or never," I said, snatching up the letter from Mrs. Burgoyne which, after copying, I had put back into its envelope and rescaled. In another half minute I had crossed the road and was ascending the stairs which led to Professor Lawrance's hair cutting establishment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] Tossed on the Foaming Billows
You may never have been, but if you cross the Atlantic, no matter how smooth the watery expanse, without sea sickness you are—well, a lucky voyager, that is all. Old tars who have spent their lives on the ocean waves, who were almost born, so to speak, with their 'sea logs on,' suffer now and then from sea 'Sickness in very tempestuous weather. Sea captains, tourists, commercial travelers and yatchsmen say that there is no finer safeguard against nausea than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and it has been equally reliable as a preventive by invalids who travel by steamboat and railroad, and who sometimes sufferas much in those conveyances as ocean travelers do in steamships. Billousness, constipation, sick headache and disorders of the stomach caused by oppressive climatic influences or unwholesome or unaccustomed food or water, always yield to the Bitters speedily. This popular medicine also remedies rheumatic, kidney and nervous disorders, and the infirmities meident to Tossed on the Foaming Billows ous disorders, and the infirmities incident to

A Considerable Admission.

"Of course, all my aunts say that the baby looks like me," said the blushing young man. "What does your wife say to that?"

asked the elder man. "Well, she admits that perhaps I may resemble the baby a little."—Indianapolis

Do You Feel Run Down.

If you are miserable, feel run-down and have no energy, take that great invigorator, Dr. John W. Bull's Pills. "Mrs. Jennie Black, of Angola, Ind., writes that many of her acquaintances speak very highly of the pills and so does she. She took Dr. Bull's Pills as a tonic, and they did her much good," Dr.JohnW. Bull's Pills (sixty in a box) cost but 25 cts.; trial box, 10 cts., at dealers, or by mail. A. C. Meyer & Co., Balto., Md. Leave substitutes alone.

Salary No Object. The centenary of the consecration of Bishop Bass of Massachusetts, which was celebrated recently, recalls some anecdotes of the bishop. He refused to live in Dorchester because the brooks there were "not large enough for bass to swim in." His first marringe displeased his parish-ioners, whereupon he preached to them a sermon from the text, "They will slay me for my wife's sake." His parishioners would often get in arrears with his salary, which never was more than \$500. When the treasury was so low as to become hopeless, they would call upon him and ask what they should do. "Well, well," be what they should do. would say, "let it go. I'll release you, and we will begin again." AN OSTRICH DEAL.

"Talking of the prices of birds, I've seen an ostrich that cost £300," said handed back to the proper owner. the taxidermist, recalling his youth of travel-"£300!"

He looked at me over his spectacles.

£400. "No," he said, "it wasn't any fancy cints. They was just plain ostricheslittle off color, too, owing to dietary, and there wasn't any particular restriction of the demand either. You'd have point was, one of 'em had swallowed a diamond.

"The chap it got it off was Sir Mohini Padishah, a tremendous swell—a diamond. It was in the one he kept—Piccadilly swell, you might say, up to so he hoped. the neck of him, and then an ugly black head and a whopping turban, with this diamond in it. The blessed bird pecked four chances instead of five, of course, suddenly and had it, and when the chap caused a rise. The blessed birds avermade a fuss it realized it had done wrong, I suppose, and went and mixed dishah didn't secure one of 'em-not itself with the others to preserve its inceg. It all happened in a minute. I was among the first to arrive, and there was this heathen going over his gods, and Potter was a bit down on him. One fell two sailors and the man who had charge to a quiet little officer chap, another to of the birds laughing fit to split. It was | the little Jew, and the third was syndia rummy way of losing a jewel, come to think of it. The man in charge had not been about just at the moment, so that he didn't know which bird it was. Clean lost, you see. I didn't feel half scrry, to tell you the truth. The beggar | fool, but when I went and had a bit of had been swaggering over his blessed diamond ever since he came aboard. "A thing like that goes from stem to

was talking about it. Padishah went a chap who'd been studying Indian below to hide his feelings. At dinnerhe pigged at a table by himself, he and two other Hindoos—the captain "Well, they landed three of the kind of jeered at him about it, and he got very excited. He turned round and old gentleman said it was a breach of talked into my ear. He would not buy the customs regulations - and Potter the birds; he would have his diamond. He demanded his rights as a British subject. His diamond must be found, diamond going this way and that, so to He was firm upon that. He would appeal to the house of lords. The man in injunction-he had injunction on the charge of the birds was one of those brain-and giving his name and adwooden headed chaps you can't get a dress to the chaps who'd bought the new idea into anyhow. He refused any proposal to interfere with the birds by send the diamond. None of them wantway of medicine. His instructions were ed his name and address, and none of to feed them so and so and treat them them would give his own. It was a so and so, and it was as much as his fine row, I can tell you-on the platplace was worth not to feed them so form. They all went off by different and so and treat them so and so. Pa. trains. I came on to Southampton, and dishah had wanted a stemach pump, though you can't do that to a bird, you This Padishah was full of bad know. law, like most of these blessed Bengalese, and talked of having a lien on the birds and so forth. But an old boy, who said his son was a London barrister, argued that what a bird swallowed became ipso facto part of the bird, and that Padishah's only remedy lay in an action for damages, and even then it might be possible to show contributory negligence. He hadn't any right of way about an ostrich that didn't belong to him. That upset Padishah extremely, the more so as most of us expressed an opinion that that was the reasonable view. There wasn't any lawyer aboard to settle the matter, so we all talked pretty free. At last, after Aden, it appears that he came round to the general opinion and went privately to the man | ter, as you say."-Argonaut. in charge and made an offer for all five ostriches.

"The next morning there was a fin shindy at breakfast. The man hadn't any authority to deal with the birds, and nothing on earth would induce him to sell, but it seems he told Padishah that a Eurasian named Potter had already made him an offer, and on that Padishah denounced Potter before us all. But I think the most of us thought it rather smart of Potter, and I know that when Potter said that he'd wired at Aden to London to buy the birds and would have an answer at Suez I cursed pretty richly at a lost opportunity.

"At Suez Padishah gave way to tears-actual, wet tears-when Potter became the owner of the birds and offered him £250 right off for the five. being more than 200 per cent on what Potter had given. Potter said he'd be hanged if he parted with a feather of them; that he meant to kill them off one by one and find the diamond. But afterward, thinking it over, he relented a little. He was a cambling bound, was this Potter, a little queer at cards, and this kind of prize packet business must have suited him down to the ground. Anyhow, he offered for a lark to sell the birds separately to separate people by auction at a starting price of £80 for a bird. But one of them, he said, he meant to keep for luck.

"You must understand this diamond was a valuable one—a little Jew chap, a diamond merchant, who was with us, had put it at £3,000 or £4,000 when Padishah had shown it to him-and this idea of an ostrich gamble caught on. Now, it happened that I'd been having a few talks on general subjects with the man who looked after these ostriches, and quite incidentally he'd said one of the birds was ailing, and he fancied it had indigestion. It had one feather in its tail almost all white, by which I knew it, and so, when next day the auction started with it I capped

Padishah's £85 by £90. "I fancy I was a bit too sure and eager with my bid, and some of the others spotted the fact that I was in the know. And Padishah went for that particular bird like an irresponsible lunatic. At last the Jew diamond merchant got it for £175, and Padishah said £180 just after the hammer came down-so Potter declared. At any rate the Jew merchant secured it, and there and then he got a gun and shot it. Potter made a hades of a fuss because he said it would injure the sale of the other three, and Padishah, of course, behaved like an idiot, but all of us were very much excited. I can tell you I was precious glad when that dissection was over and no diamond had turned up-precious glad. I'd gone to one forty on that par-

ticular bird myself. "The little Jew was like most Jews -he didn't make any great fuss over bad luck, but Potter declined to go on with the auction until it was understood that the goods could not be delivered until the sale was over. The little Jew wanted to argue that the case was exceptional, and as the discussion ran pretty even the thing was postponed until the next morning. We had a lively dinner table that evening, I can tell you, but in the end Potter got his way, since it would stand to reason he would be safer if he stuck to all the birds and that we owed him some consideration for his sportsmanlike behavior. And the old gentleman whose son was a law-

yer sain he'd been thinking the thing over and that it was very doubtful if,

when a bird had been opened and the diamond recovered, it ought not to be

"I remember I suggested it came un der the laws of treasure trove-which was really the truth of the matter. 'I've seen another that was refused at There was a hot argument, and we set tled it was certainly foolish to kill the bird on board the ship. Then the old gentleman, going at large through his legal talk, tried to make out the sale was a lottery and illegal and appealed to the captain, but Potter said he sold thought five estriches would have ruled the birds as estriches. He didn't want cheap on an East Indiaman. But the to sell any diamonds, he said, and didn't offer that as an inducement. The three birds he put up, to the best of his knowledge and belief, did not contain a

"Prices ruled high next day, all the same. The fact that now there were aged £227, and oddly enough this Pa one. He made too much shindy, and when he cught to have been bidding be was talking about liens, and, besides, cated by the engineers, and then Potter seemed suddenly sorry for having sold them, and said he'd flung away a clear £1,000 and that very likely he'd draw a blank, and that he always had been a talk to him, with the idea of getting him to hedge on his last chance, I found he'd already sold the bird he'd reserved stern of a ship in no time. Every one to a political chap that was on boardmorals and social questions in his vaca-

"Well, they landed three of the bless ed creatures at Brindisi-though the and Padishah landed too. The Hindoo seemed half mad as he saw his blessed speak. He kept on saying he'd get an there I saw the last of the birds, as I came ashere. It was the one the engi neers bought, and it was standing up near the bridge in a kind of crate and looking as leggy and silly a setting for a valuable diamond as ever you saw-if

it was a setting for a valuable diamond "How did it end? Oh, like that Well-perhaps. Yes, there's one more thing that may throw light on it. A week or so after landing I was down Regent street doing a bit of shopping, and who should I see arm in arm and having a purple time of it but Padishah and Potter. If you come to think of it-

"Yes, I've thought that. Only, you see, there's no doubt the diamond was real. And Padishah was an eminent Hindoo. I've seen his name in the papers often. But whether the bird swallowed the diamond certainly is another 12at

ratatty Injured. Pomeroy, O., June 15 .- While tearing down the old Catholic church John Gloeckner was fatally injured by falling timbers.

Sudden Death. Mount Vernon, O., June 14.-Colonel John P. Dettra, 61, died suddenly of heart disease.

The Habits of Children Should be closely watched and reg-ulated by mothers. Carelessness in childhood often leads to serious troubles in after life. The digestive organs and bowels should be kept in the best possible condition to insure good health, not only for the present but for years to come. Dr. Cladwell's Syrup Pepsin, a harmless but potent remedy, corrects all such evils in children. Twenty doses (for children) 10c, at Saur & Balsley's, Napo leon, Ohio.



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